



In Loving Memory of

Emily Ruth Graham

28th March 1975 - 22nd October 2020

Thursday 12th November 2020

St Michael and All Angels' Church, Verwood

Service conducted by
The Reverend Deborah Matthews

Order of Service

Entrance Music

She
Elvis Costello

Sentences

Welcome and Introduction

Opening Prayer

God of all consolation,
your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears
at the grave of Lazarus his friend.
Look with compassion on your children in their loss;
give to troubled hearts the light of hope,
and strengthen in us the gift of faith,
in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Hymn

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)

Poem

Remember

Christina Rossetti

read by Claire Diment

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Poem

She Walks In Beauty, Like The Night

Lord Byron

Becky Todd

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Eulogy

Simon Giffin

A Reflection of Memories

Reading from the Bible

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

read by Livvy Burke

I may speak in tongues of men or of angels, but if I am without love,
I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal.

I may have the gift of prophecy, and know every hidden truth; I may have
faith strong enough to move mountains; but if I have no love, I am nothing.

I may dole out all I possess, or even give my body to be burnt,
but if I have no love, I am none the better.

Love is patient; love is kind and envies no one.

Love is never boastful, nor conceited,
nor rude; never selfish, not quick to take offence.

Love keeps no score of wrongs;
does not gloat over other men's sins, but delights in the truth.

There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and
its endurance. Love will never come to an end. Are there prophets? their work
will be over. Are there tongues of ecstasy? they will cease.

Is there knowledge? it will vanish away;
for our knowledge and our prophecy alike are partial,
and the partial vanishes when wholeness comes.

When I was a child, my speech, my outlook, and my thoughts were all
childish. When I grew up, I had finished with childish things.
Now we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror, but then we shall see face to
face. My knowledge now is partial; then it will be whole,
like God's knowledge of me.

In a word, there are three things that last for ever: faith, hope, and love;
but the greatest of them all is love.

Address

The Reverend Deborah Matthews

Prayers

The Reverend Norman Moulard

The response to 'Lord, in your mercy' is **Hear our prayer.**

Prayers

ending with

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.

Amen.

Hymn

Angel-voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure all combine.

In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render Thee.

Commendation

Committal

The Blessing

Closing Music

Circle Of Life from *The Lion King*

Donations in memory of Emily are for

Livability

(to benefit Victoria School, Poole)

and

Dorset Wildlife Trust

Personal messages, memories and donations

may be made online at

www.oharafunerals.co.uk

Nicholas O'Hara Funeral Directors

Verwood

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